

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern merchant, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

The fact that you do not advertise a particular article is good enough reason for your patrons to assume that you do not have it.

PART TWO. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

A POOR SMITHY'S FIGHT FOR WEALTH

How a Nobleman's Youthful Appearance Figures Against Getting a Title

TO OUST A SPANISH GRANDEE.

Ghostly Tragedy of the "House of Silence." From Which First Marquis Fled to France, Now Recalled.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—One of the most singular features of the legal fight now being waged between the poor Spanish blacksmith, Pierre Riera, and the Marquis de Casa Riera, for the latter's vast fortune and estates, is the fact that the nobleman's comparative youthful appearance—upon which he especially prides himself—is being used as a weapon against him to justify the blacksmith's claim that he is an impostor. The marquis—if he is the individual he has long represented himself to be—is now 31 years old. But he is remarkably vigorous and active and looks like a well-preserved man of sixty. According to his blacksmith rival, who alleges that he has documentary evidence to prove it, that is his real age. If he is only 31 it is certain that he is not the Marquis de Casa Riera, and the blacksmith will gain the title and the property, and the fortune of between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000, which goes with them.

NOT ONLY AGE DISPARITY.

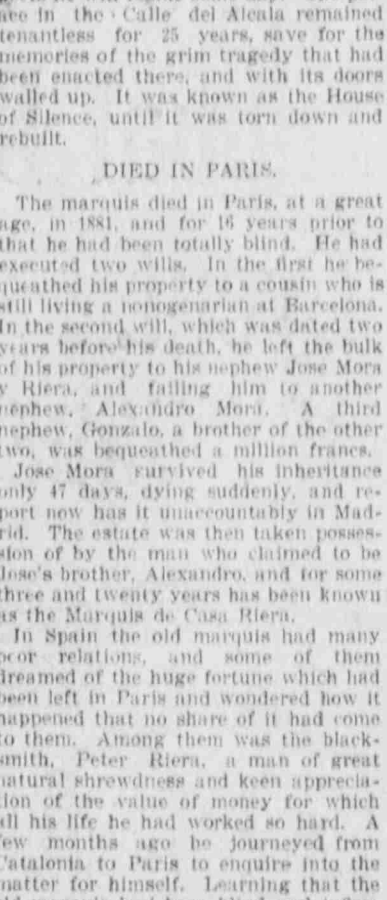
But it is not alone the striking disparity between the apparent years of the marquis and the age he says he is which has caused many influential persons to back the poor man in his fight against the rich man, and supply him with the means of prosecuting his claim. Recent evidence that has been gathered has satisfied many shrewd lawyers that he really has a good case, and stands a fair chance of ousting the marquis and occupying his paternal residence in the Rue de Berri. The story, as it has been pieced together, on the part of the blacksmith, is a strange and as weird and dramatic as many famous works of fiction. It has aroused intense interest in the trial, which will begin in a few weeks, and bids fair to become as notorious in legal annals as that fight of the butcher claimant for the Tishborne millions.

OPENING OF STORY.

The story opens with the first Marquis de Casa Riera, who was a man of humble origin, but rose to be a Grandee of Spain, and chamberlain of the queen. The source of his great wealth has always been a mystery, but it is alleged to have originated in the theft of an immensely valuable casket of jewels from his royal mistress. However acquired he gained a large fortune and lived in great splendor, towards the middle of the last century, in a palace in the Calle del Alcázar, Madrid. When he was 50 he married a beautiful girl of 13, a daughter of one of his tenant farmers. Eleven months after her marriage the young marchioness was found murdered in the palace—pierced by a dagger in a score of places. A baby had been torn from her womb, and account of its color, the marquis dis-

Made Middle Ages Live Again in England.

Great Transformation Wrought by Father Ignatius, the Famous "Protestant Monk," At Llanthony, Where He Established a Monastery and Rules a Community in Strictly Mediaeval Fashion.



RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY NEAR FATHER IGNATIUS'S MONASTERY.

Walter Savage Landor, the Famous Poet and Essayist, Once Owned the Property and Actually Lived in the Tumble Down Place for a Time With His Bride.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Father Ignatius, the famous "Protestant Monk," who denounces the higher criticism as more dangerous to Christianity than open atheism, and boasts that he would still believe everything in the Bible, even if it said the moon was made of green cheese, has again furnished striking proof of the unquestionable character of his faith. At Llanthony, in a lovely Welsh valley, surrounded by mountains, where he has established a monastery and summoned the middle ages back to life, he is erecting a beautiful memorial to commemorate a wondrous apparition of the blessed virgin, which he declares appeared there 24 years ago. Time was when such an undertaking would have evoked a storm of angry protest and derisive comment in the English press. But the popular estimate of Father Ignatius has greatly changed in recent years. Even those who most strongly differ from his religious views have come to respect him for his earnestness, sincerity and unselfish enthusiasm. Many have heard him in America, for he once preached a mission from New York to San Francisco.

SPECTRAL SIGHTS OF LONG AGO.

His description of the apparition, as beheld by him and several of his monks and lay brothers, recalls the numerous stories of spectral visions supposedly witnessed in mediaeval days, when the church ruled supreme, and scoffing scoffers, standing sideways, would have Father Ignatius, the Virgin's appearance was heralded by a great circle of light flashing out over the heavens and illuminating the whole country round about. In the center of this circle there gradually took shape a gigantic figure, standing in the air, and holding in her right hand the "lamp of truth," in which a light was kept perpetually burning. The devout father fondly believes that the days to come, when the Church of England shall have seen the light of its ways, and ceasing its efforts to smother science and religion, recover to the faith and methods of its earlier guides, pilgrims from afar will gather in thousands for prayer and inspiration and miraculous healing.

NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

It never appeared again to the pious watchers, but on each recurring anniversary of the blessed vision Father Ignatius and his monks and lay brothers have celebrated the festival of "Our Lady of Llanthony." And now, having acquired the necessary funds, they will give permanent expression to their faith in the form of a marble statue, representing a female figure with outstretched arms, holding in her hand the "lamp of truth," in which a light will be kept perpetually burning. The devout father fondly believes that the days to come, when the Church of England shall have seen the light of its ways, and ceasing its efforts to smother science and religion, recover to the faith and methods of its earlier guides, pilgrims from afar will gather in thousands for prayer and inspiration and miraculous healing.

HOW HE BECAME A MONK.

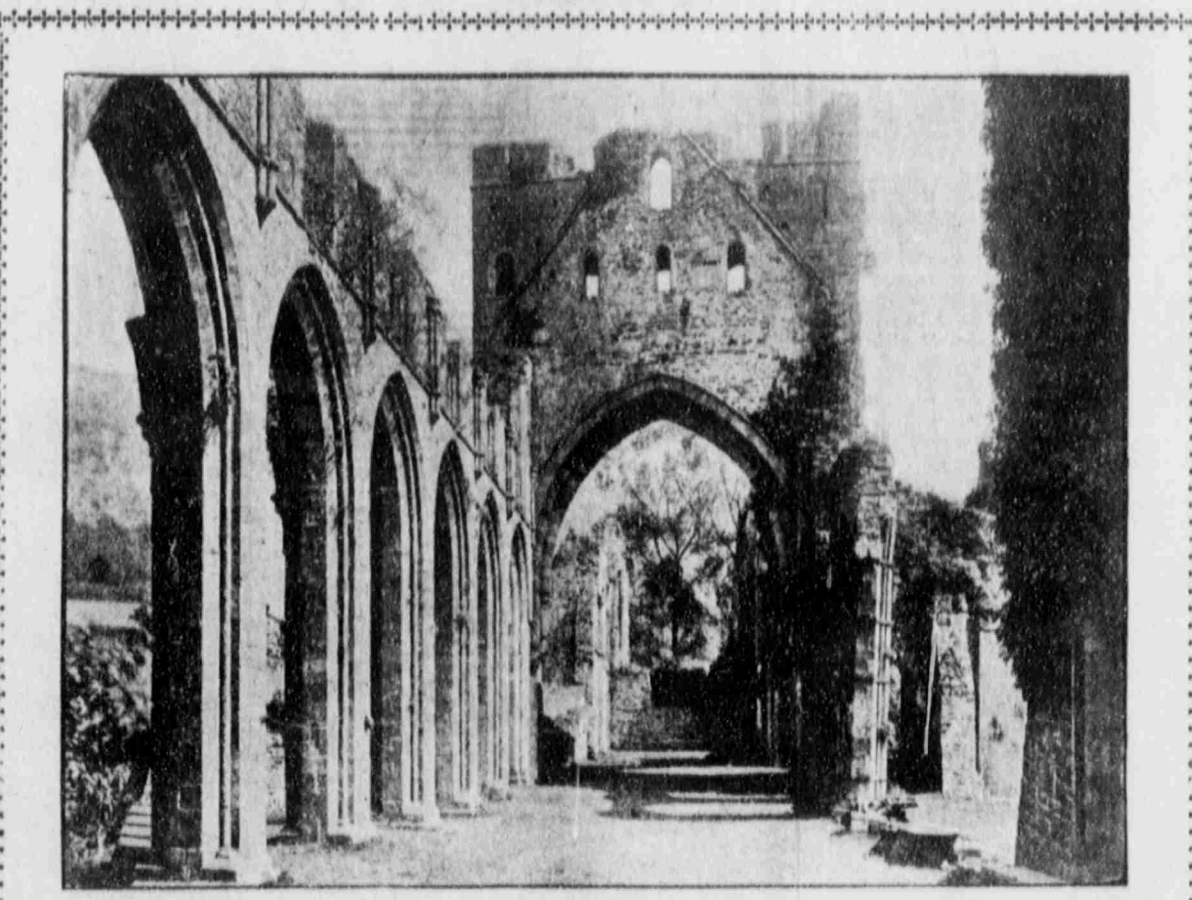
It was in 1861 that the Rev. Joseph Leysister Lyne, then a curate, 24 years old, determined to embrace the life of a monk, while still retaining his allegiance to the English church. Assuming the name of Father Ignatius, he first attempted to found a monastery at Norwich. But the bishop forbade him to preach, monks attacked him and his companions, and he was in broken health he was driven out of the town. For years thereafter his life was a story of persecution, endurance, pluck and tremendous resolution ending in 1879 in the calm of Llanthony Abbey. But it was a sorry haven of refuge he found there. He slept for a time in a cowshed while the other monks occupied a windowless barn close by. However, times mended and as the means were provided he wrought a wondrous change in that peaceful Welsh valley until then almost uninhabited.

LIKE THE MIDDLE AGES.

The visitor, viewing it for the first time, seems suddenly transported back through the dead and gone centuries to a scene that belongs to the middle ages and to which a singular air of reality is lent by the figure of Father Ignatius, arrayed as an abbot in the garb of St. Benedict, with turreted crown and the pastoral staff in his hand. The monastery and its great

Made Middle Ages Live Again in England.

Great Transformation Wrought by Father Ignatius, the Famous "Protestant Monk," At Llanthony, Where He Established a Monastery and Rules a Community in Strictly Mediaeval Fashion.



RUINS OF LLANTHONY ABBEY NEAR FATHER IGNATIUS'S MONASTERY.

Walter Savage Landor, the Famous Poet and Essayist, Once Owned the Property and Actually Lived in the Tumble Down Place for a Time With His Bride.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Father Ignatius, the famous "Protestant Monk," who denounces the higher criticism as more dangerous to Christianity than open atheism, and boasts that he would still believe everything in the Bible, even if it said the moon was made of green cheese, has again furnished striking proof of the unquestionable character of his faith. At Llanthony, in a lovely Welsh valley, surrounded by mountains, where he has established a monastery and summoned the middle ages back to life, he is erecting a beautiful memorial to commemorate a wondrous apparition of the blessed virgin, which he declares appeared there 24 years ago. Time was when such an undertaking would have evoked a storm of angry protest and derisive comment in the English press. But the popular estimate of Father Ignatius has greatly changed in recent years. Even those who most strongly differ from his religious views have come to respect him for his earnestness, sincerity and unselfish enthusiasm. Many have heard him in America, for he once preached a mission from New York to San Francisco.

SPECTRAL SIGHTS OF LONG AGO.

His description of the apparition, as beheld by him and several of his monks and lay brothers, recalls the numerous stories of spectral visions supposedly witnessed in mediaeval days, when the church ruled supreme, and scoffing scoffers, standing sideways, would have Father Ignatius, the Virgin's appearance was heralded by a great circle of light flashing out over the heavens and illuminating the whole country round about. In the center of this circle there gradually took shape a gigantic figure, standing in the air, and holding in her right hand the "lamp of truth," in which a light was kept perpetually burning. The devout father fondly believes that the days to come, when the Church of England shall have seen the light of its ways, and ceasing its efforts to smother science and religion, recover to the faith and methods of its earlier guides, pilgrims from afar will gather in thousands for prayer and inspiration and miraculous healing.

NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

It never appeared again to the pious watchers, but on each recurring anniversary of the blessed vision Father Ignatius and his monks and lay brothers have celebrated the festival of "Our Lady of Llanthony." And now, having acquired the necessary funds, they will give permanent expression to their faith in the form of a marble statue, representing a female figure with outstretched arms, holding in her hand the "lamp of truth," in which a light will be kept perpetually burning. The devout father fondly believes that the days to come, when the Church of England shall have seen the light of its ways, and ceasing its efforts to smother science and religion, recover to the faith and methods of its earlier guides, pilgrims from afar will gather in thousands for prayer and inspiration and miraculous healing.

HOW HE BECAME A MONK.

It was in 1861 that the Rev. Joseph Leysister Lyne, then a curate, 24 years old, determined to embrace the life of a monk, while still retaining his allegiance to the English church. Assuming the name of Father Ignatius, he first attempted to found a monastery at Norwich. But the bishop forbade him to preach, monks attacked him and his companions, and he was in broken health he was driven out of the town. For years thereafter his life was a story of persecution, endurance, pluck and tremendous resolution ending in 1879 in the calm of Llanthony Abbey. But it was a sorry haven of refuge he found there. He slept for a time in a cowshed while the other monks occupied a windowless barn close by. However, times mended and as the means were provided he wrought a wondrous change in that peaceful Welsh valley until then almost uninhabited.

LIKE THE MIDDLE AGES.

The visitor, viewing it for the first time, seems suddenly transported back through the dead and gone centuries to a scene that belongs to the middle ages and to which a singular air of reality is lent by the figure of Father Ignatius, arrayed as an abbot in the garb of St. Benedict, with turreted crown and the pastoral staff in his hand. The monastery and its great

and started a house of his own which was never finished. However, he contrived to live for a time in the Abbey and even brought his bride there. This, by the way, was a pretty girl he had met at a ball in Bath, when he remarked to a friend, "That's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her." Landor spent \$10,000 on improvements in the course of three years, but his efforts at agriculture proved a costly failure, and overwhelmed with worries and financial ruin he fled from England. Father Ignatius, with all his visionary ideas, has proved a much better man of business than the famous author.

E. LISLE SNELL.

AMERICAN WATER COLOR IN LONDON.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—It is probable that London will this winter be treated to an exhibition of water color by American artists. Henry R. Snell, president of the New York Water Color club, under whose auspices it is proposed that the exhibition shall be held, is now here making arrangements for the leasing of a suitable gallery for the purpose. Mr. Snell has popularized in America a method of water color painting, which is almost unknown here. Its chief distinctive feature consists in the employment of stiff bristle brushes in place of the soft, sable kind, used by English water color artists. Specially prepared paper being used and the color laid on with little moisture, bold and vigorous effects are obtained, which are commonly found only in oil paintings and are in striking contrast to the soft, pretty conventional treatment which characterizes the English school.

"If we hold an exhibition here," and at present I see no obstacle in the way of satisfactory arrangements being effected," said Mr. Snell, "I am certain that English critics and artists will be surprised at what we have accomplished in addition to the range of effects attainable by a medium whose limitations have hitherto been regarded as definitely fixed. We shall show them pictures that without such evidence before them they would believe it would be impossible to paint with water colors alone. American art amounts to a deal more than most Americans themselves appreciate. One object of our proposed exhibition is by eliciting the opinions of good judges here, to awaken our own people to a recognition of the fact that we have progressed in some respects beyond the European school," and have struck out for ourselves on distinctive lines, and original lines.

Mr. Snell and his wife, who is also a talented artist, have been spending the summer in Cornwall, and when they return to New York will take with them many studies of the picturesque scenery of that region. One of Mr. Snell's companions during his sojourn was Mr. Tolman, head of the Providence Art school.

MANY USES OF NEW "PHOTOGRAPHIC FRUIT."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—No end of novel uses are likely to be made of the so-called "photographic fruit" that has just made its appearance in this country. Already it is settled that at festive banquet boards in future a feature will be made of big apples containing on their rosy cheeks photographic imprints of the guest of honor, patriotic emblems, or some symbol that appends to the sentiment of the hour. This novelty comes, of course, from France, but it seems sure to be taken up in the United States, and no doubt there will soon be fruit showing pictures of the Stars and Stripes, the president, the White House and other devices that will make the eye of the king. The first consignment of these photographic apples—six of them—reached a Covent Garden market dealer a few days ago. They belong to the "Peasgood Nonsuch" variety—great red fellows, as big as turnips. As an appropriate tribute to the king, the dealer has had one of them stamped with a portrait of King Edward, reproduced with remarkable clearness. The dealer saw a great chance to make a name for himself. He would present them to his majesty and in return—so he hoped—he would receive a royal warrant appointing him "inventor of apples" to the king. Then with the royal coat of arms blazoned over his stall he would be able to lord it over his fellow fruit sellers and reap in addition a substantial reward in the shape of increased business. It was a pleasant dream and retired to a nearby "pub" to seek inspiration for the composition of a letter to his majesty to accompany the gift. Alas for his calculations, he had neglected to take his better half into his confidence. In his absence she sold the six apples at \$2.50 each and thought she had done an excellent stroke of business until 10 minutes later she learned that they had again changed hands at \$4.50 each. That wrought her up into a state of mind that enabled her to gain an easy victory over her husband in the worldly warfare that ensued when he returned from the "pub" and enquired what had become of his apples. He is now evolving a scheme for reproducing a group picture of all the members of the royal family on a water melon, but is much afraid somebody will get ahead of him.

STRAPPED AT THE START.

It was his wedding day. Radiant in the newest of outfits he started for the church, accompanied by his best man. But his tight shoes hurt his feet, and he looked as though he would have to hobble up the aisle. The best man came to the rescue in escorting him to a neighboring boot shop, where a larger pair was bought. When the happy bride and groom knelt at the altar rails a general titter passed through the assemblage, for on each of the soles of the new boots, turned up to view, was inscribed: "Reduced to 99 cents."—Dorwin Book of Boston.

"KING COTTON" NOW STEPPING FORWARD

After Talk of Many Years England Will Try and Get Along Without America.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Daniel J. Sully and the others of his kind seem likely to leave a bigger mark on the world's history than one would naturally suppose. For at last, as a direct result of American speculation in cotton, the British manufacturers dependent on the American product have gone seriously to work to raise cotton enough to supply their own mills. There has been much talk about British cotton for years past, and hints have been sent out in this correspondence from time to time that the movement was possibly a bigger affair than had been realized in the United States. And now there is no longer any doubt about it. Before many years, it is predicted, the British colonies will be turning out almost as much cotton as the United States, and much of it of equal quality. The demand is increasing so much faster than the supply, however, that it is thought the only result in the United States of the new British movement will be to prevent exports.

DAN SULLY AWOKE BRITISHERS

Latter Have Lost More Than \$50,000,000 in Last Twelve Months and Don't Like the Idea.

In normal years the English manufacturers import \$200,000,000 worth of raw staple, the bulk of which comes from the United States. They believe that if the new scheme continues as well as it has started it will not be more than ten or fifteen years before they will be able to get on without a penny's worth from across the Atlantic. Some of the Lancashire cotton manufacturers protest that they cannot accept the hospitable invitation of the southern manufacturers to visit them and talk things over. They and their hosts will find themselves in accord on a good many things, and especially as to the desirability of hanging the stock gamblers who get up on their feet in price of the bulk of the cotton men on this side scout the suggestion that they can best find a way out of their troubles by lending a hand to increase the area of cotton culture in the south.

Lancashire's great industry has been worse hit by the cotton famine and the price of cotton than is generally realized in America. According to the latest estimates the various interests concerned in it have lost more than \$50,000,000 in the last twelve months. Experts have done a lot of figuring on the subject, and the future, and they have all reached the same conclusion. It is that, if England continues dependent on the United States for the bulk of her cotton, her colossal cotton manufacturing industry, which directly or indirectly gives employment to 3,000,000 people, will be ruined, and that at no distant date. It would be a national disaster almost as appalling as the loss of her colonial empire.

The world's present production of cotton has been estimated by a Lancashire expert at 16,000,000 bales, of which the United States produces 11,000,000 bales, India, 3,000,000, Egypt 1,000,000, and the rest of the world another 1,000,000 bales. In ten years from now, figuring on the normal increase of consumption, it is predicted that 19,000,000 bales will be required to keep the world's spindles busy, and in fifteen years 23,000,000 bales. That the United States can come anywhere near satisfying this demand is considered impossible. In fact, it is asserted that with her own population growing and her own mills increasing, her surplus product left over for export must inevitably decrease.

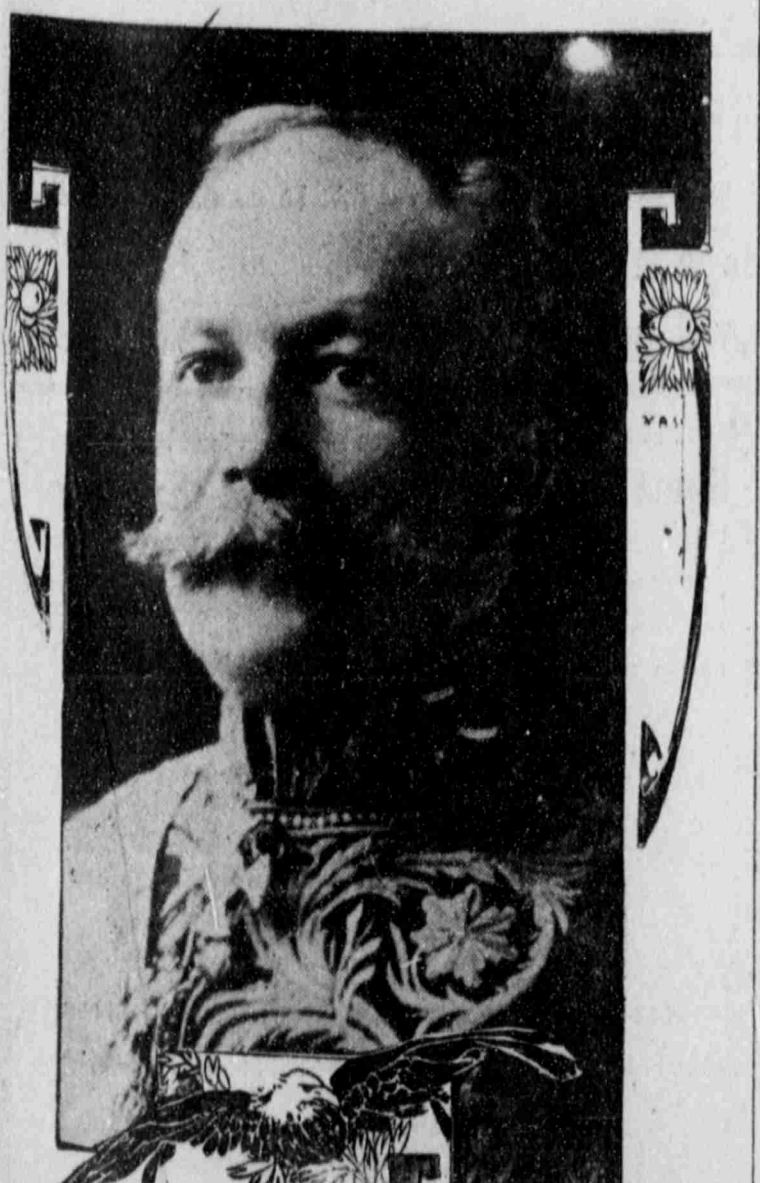
"We have got to fix things so that we can get cotton from other parts of the world or bust," is one Lancashire manufacturer's terse summary of the situation.

LANCASHIRE'S AWAKENING.

Thus it has come about that the Lancashire folk have "waked up," and from the amount of jubilation that has accompanied that announcement in the press it is reasonably might be inferred that a state of somnolency is the normal condition of big British industries. That awakening has borne fruit in the organization of the British Cotton Growing Association, which has for its object the promotion of cotton culture in the British empire. It is doing a lot of hustling to make up for lost time, pausing occasionally to kick itself for not having done it before. It has made provision for a fund of \$500,000 to carry on the work. Masters and men are pulling together in this matter. Although the cotton spindles have had to work for months on short time, which means reduced pay and much tightening of their belts, one of their associations has contributed more than \$5,000 to the fund, so convinced are its members that in the success of the movement, the only hope of getting steady work and full pay at their trade in the future.

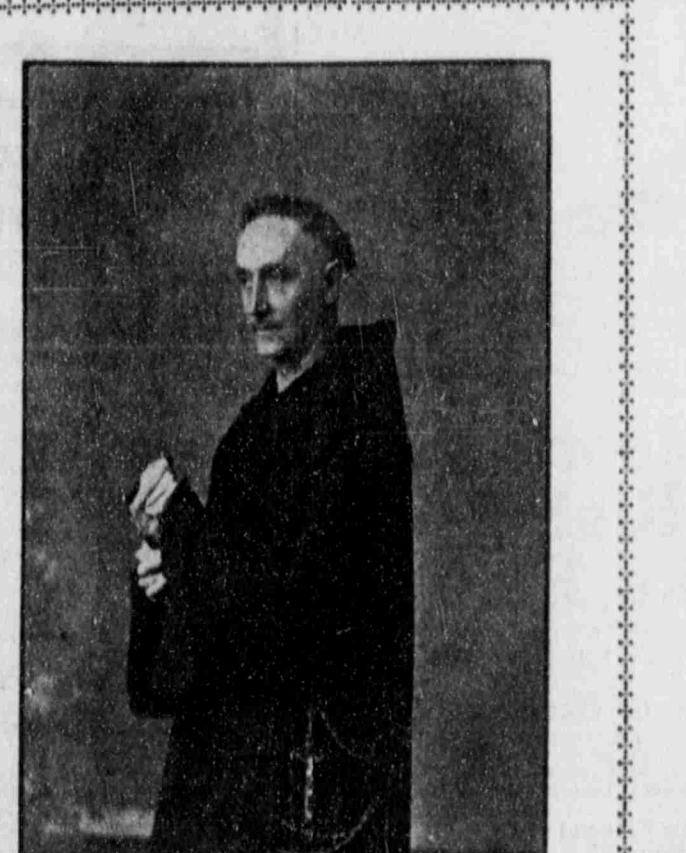
At the head of the association is Sir Alfred Jones, one of the brainiest and most energetic of England's self-made capitalists of industry. As proof of his own confidence in the British cotton cotton growing under his leadership he has bought 60,000 acres in Sierra Leone and started raising cotton there on a big scale. Under his energetic direction the association has dispatched agents to spot out all the likely places in the empire where cotton can be raised and made to pay. Large consignments of cottonseed have been distributed. Machinery has been purchased and sent where it is needed. Expert cotton cultivators have been engaged, several of them from America, to show the natives the best methods of

NETHERLAND'S MINISTER TO WED MISS GLOVER.



MINISTER VAN SWINDEREN.

Minister van Swinderen, representing the Netherlands at Washington, is to wed Miss Elizabeth Glover. Mr. van Swinderen is one of the most popular members of the diplomatic corps. He has only been at his present post since last April, but was a secretary of legation at Washington fifteen years ago.



FATHER IGNATIUS, The Famous "Protestant Monk."

At Llanthony in Wales he has established a monastery and summoned the middle ages back to life. He is now erecting a statue to commemorate an apparition of the blessed virgin, which he declares appeared to him there.